

COMIC OPERA.

ARCTIC;

PS 635

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OR,

The North Pole Expedition.

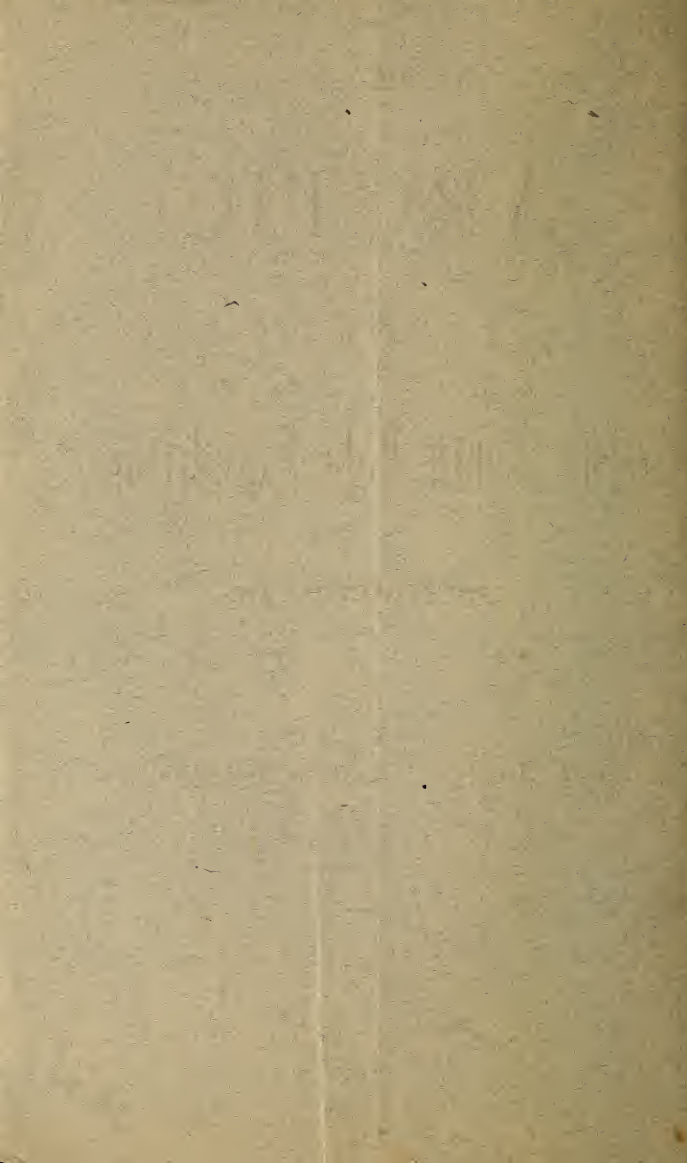
IN THREE ACTS.

34
BY

✓
COL. J. FRANKLIN WARNER.



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PS635
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CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

- CLAUDE DOUGLASS, An Officer of the Ship Arctic.
DR. JOSIAH BENJAMIN, Of the Ship Arctic.
HON. WM. MALONE, Secretary of the Navy.
THOS. SKINNER, Government Contractor.
BILL, THE NIGHT OWL, A Burglar.
TIM, THE HAWK, A Burglar.
M. M. LIVINGSTON, Esq., A Wealthy Banker.
JAMES LANNIGAN, Sergeant of Police.
LENORA LIVINGSTON, The Banker Daughter; just graduated at
Vassar College.
MEHITABLE LIVINGSTON, . . . The Banker's Sister; an old maid from
Connecticut.
BRIDGET MALONE, Just landed from Ireland.
Government Officials, Politicians, Sailors, Exquimaux, Policemen,
Speculators, Vassar College Girls, etc., etc.

ARCTIC;

OR,

THE NORTH POLE EXPEDITION.

ACT I.

SCENE.—Garden and Mansion on Fifth Avenue. Girls discovered playing Copenhagen. Girl inside of rope tries to slap the girls' hands. Slaps one, and kisses her. *Girl Kissed.*

Oh! there's no fun in this game without the men.

All drop the rope.

LENORA'S PARTY.—AFTERNOON.

CHORUS.

We have tried all kinds of games,
But they seem so very tame,
Tho' we try to please each one the best we can;
But what's the use of trying,
And the use of us denying,
There's no fun for us poor girls without the men.

All dance.

Oh, they are darling, noble creatures;
To have a beau it is so grand.
With them dance to night, oh what great delight!
We could never get along without the men.

Girls stop dancing; LENORA still dancing.

To have a beau it is so grand,
And I've got one best in the land.

Stop dancing.

Want to know who, I see full well,
But will you promise not to tell.

Girls round her.—CHORUS.

Oh, Lenora dear, you know full well;
We'll keep your secret and never tell.
Girls never tell, you need not fear;
Oh tell us quick, we're dying to hear.

Well, I'll tell you all about him, and how we met, if you will promise not to tell.

CHORUS. *To each other, slow and distinctly.* Oh ! we won't tell—
Will we, No, No. To LENORA: As true as we live we won't tell.
Make sign of cross, by crossing the two forefingers of each hand.

THE HERO LOVER.

LEN. One day with papa in Fifth Avenue,
The horses took fright and like lightning they flew;
They dashed wildly on, and scarce touched the ground,
While the people in terror rushed frantically round;
We shrieked loud and long for some one to aid,
So great was the danger, the men were dismayed ;
Until a brave hero from the throng came alone,
And saved our poor lives, at the risk of his own.

CHORUS.

Until a brave hero from the throng came alone,
And saved her dear life, at the risk of his own.

LEN. So handsome, oh ! oh ! t'was love at first sight,
Romantic I know, yes romantic quite;
In a week he proposed, how could I refuse !
I loved him so dearly, from his hat to his shoes;
Oh dearly I love him, and I'll tell you why,
And why my heart throbs so, whenever he's nigh;
Because he was brave. and came all alone,
And saved our poor lives, at the risk of his own.

Enter CLAUDE and Officers, stealing quietly to the side of their favorite ones, CLAUDE standing back of LENORA. All join chorus and point toward CLAUDE.

CHORUS.

Because he was brave, and came all alone;
And saved her dear life, at the risk of his own.

At the end of chorus CLAUDE embraces and kisses LENORA.

EVENING.—Stage darkened, the moon commences to rise. The light increased gradually during song.

TWILIGHT EVE, BEWITCHING HOUR.

CLAUDE. At twilight eve, bewitching hour,
When Love meets Love, love ruling power—
The twinkling stars the hour enhance.
Oh, joy supreme ! Love, will you dance ?

WALTZ—CHORUS.

At twilight eve, bewitching hour,
When love meets love, love ruling power—

The twinkling stars the hours enhance.
Oh, joy supreme—

JOSIAH. Pshaw, I can't dance.

AN OFFICER. Mysterious love, you subtle thing,
To modest maids you blushes bring
And kisses steal, sometimes askance,
Oh, love, sweet love!
Love, will you dance?

CHORUS.

Mysterious love, you subtle thing,
To modest maids you blushes bring
And kisses steal, sometimes askance,
Oh, love, sweet love,

JOSIAH. Pshaw, I can't dance.

MEHITABLE. Give me sweet love, sweeter than honey,

JOSIAH. All very good with heaps of money.

MEHITABLE. I'd live on love without a red—

JOSIAH. But I'd prefer a hunk of bread.

CHORUS *without dancing*.

Oh, love, love, love, love everywhere,
There's nothing with it can compare.

OFFICERS ONLY.

We'll think of love when far we roam—
Of loved ones dear we leave at home.

MEHITABLE (*excitedly*). Oh, Josiah, doctor I mean, I'll tell you something if you'll not tell anybody. (*The other girls commence whispering to the officers and pointing to CLAUDE and LENORA.*) We girls (*puts corner of handkerchief in her mouth and twirls it around*).

DR. JOSIAH (*aside laughing*). We girls (*snickering*) old enough to make three!

MEHITABLE. We girls promised not to tell. Now you won't tell, will you, if I tell you?

JOSIAH (*Gruffly*). Of course not.

MEHITABLE. They are engaged (*pointing to CLAUDE and LENORA*). Oh, it must be pleasant to be engaged.

JOSIAH. Oh, yes, it's pleasant if one has a good engagement. I'm engaged.

(MEHITABLE *falls, with a groan, fainting into the doctor's arms.*)

JOSIAH. To go with the Arctic Exploring Expedition, and we expect to sail in a few days.

MEHITABLE. Oh (*reviving*) if I could only be engaged, I'd be willing to go most anywhere, or do most anything. I'd climb the North Pole, or go as housekeeper for Sammy Tilden.

The Doctor walks away from her in disgust.

MEHITABLE. (*Soliloquy.*) Oh Doctor! Doctor! how I do love you! and now you'll break my poor, poor heart, by going away to that plaguey old North Pole, he shall not leave me, I'll go with him. Yes, I'll disguise myself as a sailor, and go with the Expedition. I'll show him that I'm a true born Yankee girl from Connecticut.

Song Yankee Girl—Opposite Exit.

"THE YANKEE GIRL."

My song is of a State where they'll sell you pease for corn,
And will sell you wooden oats as sure as you are born;
And wooden nutmegs too, clean wheat that's full of smut,
In the good old Yankee State, down in Connecticut.

Connecticut, my native State;

I'm a Yankee girl you see,

And if you want a lively girl

Send a postal card to me.

All know the Yankee boys, they are so cute and slick,
They'll whittle out inventions with an old jack-knife and stick.
Know how to spark the girls in mansion or in hut,
Oh give me a Yankee boy down in Connecticut.

Connecticut, etc., etc.

We've merry husking bees, and we've beaus that's up to snuff.
They see us home from spelling school so gentle, never rough;
But if they hug us too hard, the old folks say tut, tut,
They know how it is themselves down in Connecticut,

Connecticut, etc.

How do you like my style? I'm a Yankee girl you see,
A solid man I'll marry, no dandy catches me;
No fop too sweet to live—I'd rather live in a hut,
With a good, old Yankee boy down in Connecticut.

Connecticut, etc.

Exit.

Enter CLAUDE and LENORA.

CLAUDE. My dear Lenora! It is just one week and one day since first we met—made your acquaintance—made love to you—made you promise to be my darling little wife—all in one week.

LENORA. (*Aside*). Ain't he a darling!

CLAUDE. Delightful, love, romantic, isn't it?

LENORA. Rather.

CLAUDE. Well, I never did believe in long courtships, and what the odd day may bring forth I can't say, because it's not ended yet. But we ought not to waste it.

LENORA. What can we do?

CLAUDE. Get married. Darling, what say you if we get married this evening?

LENORA. Some other evening.

CLAUDE. No, this evening.

LENORA. Oh, Claude, so soon.

CLAUDE. Yes, darling, you know that I am going away, going to leave you, and we may not meet again for years, and there's many a slip between the cup and the lip.

LENORA. Oh, I'll not slip if you don't slide.

CLAUDE. I'll not slide without it be into eternity in the Arctic regions.

I'll be true to thee

Where'er I chance to be.

Shall we be married before I go?

LENORA. You have my consent, I can say no more,

Go ask my Pa. Pa's inside the door.

CLAUDE. I'll ask your papa and ask your mamma,

I know they'll consent, we'll be married, ha! ha!

Runs into house.

Enter CHORUS with hats on. MEHITABLE pulling the Doctor along.

"TRUE TO THEE."

LENORA. And I'll be true to thee,
Where'er thou chance to be;
Upon the dark blue ocean
In fancy I'll be there,
To guard with tender care,
My love with true devotion.

CHORUS. In fancy she'll be there
To guard with tender care
Her love with true devotion.

LENORA. Oh, I'll be true to thee,
And prove the fallacy
That love is not enduring.
In haste I now will wed,
Repent ne'er be it said,
In long, long years ensuing.

CHORUS. In haste she now will wed,
Repent ne'er be it said
In long, long years ensuing.

- LENORA. Oh, I'll be true to thee,
And be as brave as he
Tho' years be long and dreary;
Repress I every sigh,
The tears dry in my eye,
Tho' waiting, oh, so weary.
- CHORUS. Repress she every sigh,
The tears dry in her eyes
Tho' waiting, oh, so weary.
- CLAUDE. (*Rushes on stage excitedly from house*).
Oh! what will I do? Oh! what shall I do?
Oh! what would you do if you were me?
Your papa, so angry he,
And will not let us married be;
So cruel, oh, I can't endure,
He'd not consent because I'm poor.
- CHORUS. He'd not consent because he's poor.
- CLAUDE. Oh! what will I do? Oh! what shall I do?
Oh! what would you do if you were me?
Hang yourself upon a tree.
No other way that I can see,
Or, put a bullet through your head,
Or, poison take until you're dead.
- CHORUS. No, no, no, no, no, no,
To such proposals base we can't agree,
Cast those vile thoughts away from thee;
As long as there's life there's always hope,
Take our advice and elope, elope, elope (*ad lib*).
- CLAUDE. With great delight
Give me your plight,
To-morrow night
We'll take our flight.
- LENORA. No, one day more,
I do implore;
Can't fix before.
"Twill soon pass o'er.
- CHORUS. 'Tis better so.
We'll help, you know,
Oh! jolly, oh!
And off you'll go,
Go, go, go, go, go, go, go.

Such proposals fine we can agree,
 How much better for thine and thee,
 To take a ladder, perhaps a rope,
 And with your dear love elope, elope, elope.

Now to thy pillow and quiet rest,
 The hour is late, behind the crest
 The moon is hiding her silver light,
 And wishing all good night, good night (*ad lib*).

Three girls and CLAUDE kiss LENORA while singing good-night, CLAUDE last. Exit all, LENORA into house, MEHITABLE last. After trying to get the Doctor to kiss her, she kisses the Doctor and runs into the house. Exit Doctor, wiping his mouth with handkerchief.

Enter Two BURGLARS, cautiously.

TIM. I say, Bill, be kinder keerful and work quietly and we'll make a rich haul out of this ere bloat's house. He's got slathers of wealth.

BILL. All right; but I say, Tim, how did you spot the old bloat? How did you find out that he was so rich?

TIM. How I spotted him? Ah! leave all such little games to me. I ain't no *amature*, I ain't. I found it out by Bridget O'Mallahan who works here. She's the girl that I met at the Mulligan Guards Picnic, and the one that I've been calling on so often lately; making love to her.

BILL. Making love to her? Ah! what a break! making love, you mean, to the best wines in the house, ye sly coon, (*punches him in the ribs*).

TIM. Well, it's all the same, she thinks I'm dead gone on her. I'll be dead gone sure if we get off with the swag all right to-night.

BILL. Well, you keep a good lookout for the cops while I'm in the house; but, say, did you find out in what part of the house the things are in?

TIM. Oh, yes, easy enough. Bridget, I think, is honest, and wouldn't do anything wrong intentionally, but she didn't tumble to my little racket. I had a conversation with her one evening and says I, I suppose your bosses here keeps a large safe to put their valuables in. Oh, no, says she, we are all honest folks here. They throws their diamonds and jewelry into the bureau drawers, and hangs their silks and velvet dresses in the closets just where they sleeps in the large front and back rooms on the second floor.

BILL climbs up the second-story window and enters the house. TIM stands watch. Enter TWO POLICEMEN, one points to the second-story window and to TIM, then hide, one on each side. BILL comes from the house with a bundle of clothes and jewelry in his hands.

THE BOLD BURGLARS.

TIM AND BILL. We're Commissionaires, bold Commissionaires !

POLICEMEN. (*pointing toward Burglars,*) Burglaraires, bold Burglaraires.

TIM AND BILL. In mansions go with noble men,
But we prefer not to be seen,
Yet were received, in regal sta'e,
With jewels bright and silver plate,
High toned Commissionaires.

POLICEMEN. Burglaraires !

TIM AND BILL. We're Commissionaires, bold Commissionaires !

POLICEMEN. Burglaraires, bold Burglaraires !

TIM AND BILL. We visit all the proud and great,
Tho' when we call, 'tis rather late;
We don't believe in fine display,
Leave compliments and haste away,
High-toned Commissionaires !

POLICEMEN. Burglaraires !

TIM AND BILL. We're Commissionaires, bold Commissionaires.

POLICEMEN. Burglaraires, bold Burglaraires !

TIM AND BILL. In best hotels we live like lords,
And have the best the house affords;
When short of cash, we tap a bank,
Commissionaires of highest rank;
High-toned Commissionaires !

POLICEMEN. Burglaraires !

(*Policemen come forward and tap Burglars on their shoulders.*)

POLICEMEN. At it again, hey !

TIM. Hello, STEVENS ! how de do—how de do, Jones?

(*All shake hands.*)

TIM. When not wanted, you're always round;
But when you're wanted, you're never found.

POLICEMAN STEVENS. Well, I should say that we're wanted right here.

TIM. Enough of that; don't we give you a good commission to attend to your business and let us attend to ours?

TIM and BILL *hand some of the watches and diamonds to Policemen.*

High toned commissionaires

POLICEMAN. High-toned commissionaires (*motioning for TIM and BILL to go. Exit all*).

Enter BANKER. (*Morning—excitedly.*) Too bad, too bad; robbed again last night. Three times in one year. Just think of it, and my house guarded by two of the finest in the world. Well, if two won't do I'll have a dozen. I'll have a whole regiment of the finest—here you, HENRY, come here!

HENRY. Yes, sir.

Enter.

BANKER. Go, go, go!

HENRY. Where, sir?

BANKER. Go there, go anywhere—go to the devil. Yes, go to the Chief of the Police, and tell him to send me eight of the finest to watch my house to-night, and one of the finest to watch them, at my expense—tell him at my expense. I'll see if I can't sleep in safety. (*Exit HENRY and BANKER into the house.*)

Enter SERGEANT with eight POLICEMEN. Halt, about face!

"A SQUAD OF THE FINEST."

SERGEANT. I am the Sergeant of this little squad.

POLICEMEN. A squad of the finest too,

SERGEANT. They set a good example,
Of good deed will give a sample,
In their catechism true.

SERGT. Do you drink? POLICEMEN. Well I should think.

All the while?

Well I should smile.

On duty?

All to pert, eh!

(*look and nod at each other.*)

Not when seen?

Do we look green?

(*funny look.*)

SERGT. AND POLICEMEN. A squad of the finest too.

And we never make a blunder;

For we cabbage all the plunder;

Oh we're always looking out for number one.

SERGEANT. Oh, I am very proud of this little squad.

POLICEMEN. A squal of the finest too.

SERGEANT. They're worthy of promotion,
For in danger and commotion,
To get away they flew.

SERGT. Run away?	POLICEMEN. Not on pay day.
Take a ransom?	All too handsome.
	(<i>turn half round, hands out behind.</i>)
Play keno?	Not when seen, oh!
Policy try?	Well on the sly.

SERGT. AND POLICEMEN. A squad of the finest too,
Never seen with girls bewitching;
For we spark them in the kitchen,
Oh, we're always looking out for number one.

SERGEANT (*recit.*) Guardians of the peace, I have important
duty for thee to perform.

See that ye do it well
Or I will send ye down to—the station house.
The mansion there, guard ye with spirit
That no harm shall come to those within it.
Guard well from theft, marauders bold,
And if ye catch one, ne'er release your hold.

POLICEMEN *hide in the garden.*

Enter CLAUDE, OFFICERS and VASSAR COLLEGE GIRLS *on tiptoe.*

THE ATTEMPT.

CLAUDE. Silent, silent, be your steps,
Be still, my poor heart quaking;
Silent, silent, be your steps,
Or wrong inmates you will be waking.

ALL. Sh——silent be.

A candle is placed in window.

CLAUDE. See there, see there the signal,
My darling ready for the flight.

Dances in ecstasy.

OFFICERS AND GIRLS. Sh——

CLAUDE. Come forward, come—come one, come all,
Our signal is the cuckoo's call.

Imitation of cuckoo call three times.

LENORA (*opens window*). Is that you, my darling Claude?

CLAUDE. Yes, my darling, and some of your schoolmates
from Vassar College, and OFFICERS from the ship *Arctic*, all our

friends. (*Puts up the ladder to the window.* LENORA *throws out eight*
bandboxes, OFFICERS catch them.)

LENORA comes nearly to the bottom of ladder. POLICEMEN come quietly out and each one grabs an OFFICER, who has a bandbox or bundle.

THE RESULT.

SERGT. Hold, you wholesale robbers!

LENORA and the girls scream. LENORA faints away in CLAUDE's arms. BANKER rushes out of the house half dressed, followed by servants with brooms and sticks to fight supposed burglars.

BANKER. What means all this?

SERGT. What every one here can plainly see
 Against thee and thine a conspiracy.
 Your daughter too thy commands deride,
 Would secretly be the sailor's bride.

BANKER (*pulls LENORA from CLAUDE*).

Arrest the scoundrels. To Ludlow Street Jail!
Incarcerate them all, accept no bail.

LENORA AND GIRLS. No, No, No, No, No, No, No.

LENORA tries to go to CLAUDE, but is prevented by the BANKER. POLICEMEN try to take SAILORS away. SAILORS and POLICEMEN struggle with each other. SAILORS get possession of POLICEMEN'S clubs. POLICEMEN kneeling, SAILORS standing with clubs raised over them.

SAILORS AND GIRLS.

Arrest { them they'll } fight
 { us, never, to the last we'll }

For our lovers true, and a sailor's right,
And we'll show you what the sailors can do.

POLICEMEN. With a little squad of the finest too.

SAILORS AND GIRLS. Ha, ha, ha, ha! (*ad lib.*)

(Girls roll up their sleeves and shake their fists at Policemen.)

And we'll show you what the girls can do,
With a little squad of the finest too,

ALL. Arrest us, never, to the last we'll fight,
For our lovers true and a lover's right;
And we'll show you what the lovers can do,
With a little squad of the finest too.

[END OF FIRST ACT.]

ACT II.

SCENE.—Parlor of Hotel, Washington, D. C. LENORA discovered seated at a table.

LENORA. Two years have passed, and no tidings of the *Arctic* yet. Oh, my poor, poor CLAUDE, can it be that thou art gone from me forever? shall we never meet again?

“SHALL WE NEVER MEET AGAIN.”

Shall we never meet? Oh, never,
 Never see thy face again?
 Oh no, no, say not forever
 That my prayers have been in vain.
 Oh, can it be thy lifeless form
 Uncared for lies beneath the sea—
 Thy requiem sung by wild, weird storm,
 And thou forever lost to me?

CHORUS.

Oh no, no, say not forever,
 Say my prayers were not in vain.
 By the shore I'll watch thy coming:
 Thou wilt return to me again.
 Shall we never meet? Oh, never,
 Never see thee sailing nigh
 To cheer my heart (now) sadder than ever
 Even when we said good bye?
 Weary waiting loves devotion,
 We'll not give thee up for lost.
 Restore to me, oh, Mystic Ocean,
 Give back my love, oh, frozen North!

CHORUS. *Exit* LENORA.

Enter HON. MALONE. (*Looks around.*) LENORA not here. My darling my love, my joy, my happiness, I cannot live without her, she must be mine (*looks at watch*). Nine o'clock. The time she promised to meet me here. One hour before my grand reception to the Honorables of this great and glorious Union. Not half so glorious as a union would be with my charming LENORA. (*Enter* LENORA.) Ah, here she comes (*receives her with great politeness, bows and scrapes a number of times*).

“THE POWER OF LOVE.”

My love, my life, my joy (*falls on his knees*),
 I do adore thee;

Accept my proffered love,
 I do implore thee. (*arises*)
 A man of noble birth, (*struts around*)
 Titled gentility,
 And handsome as you see,
 With great ability.

LENORA. Your love I can't resist,
 You're so endearing
 (*Aside*) (The old buffoon),
 So handsome and so good,
 So fine-appearing. (*Malone dances with joy.*)

(*Aside*) The spoony loon.
 Repugnant is his love,
 Distasteful levity.
 Dismiss him I must with
 Becoming brevity.
 No! (*chord of music*)
 I'll use his love, oh, lucky day!
 My object gain without delay.
 Unmarried men are easy led,
 When they're in love, just by a thread;
 But when they're wed, then comes the rub:
 You cannot drive them with a club.

(*To MALONE*) Your ardent love, I must confess,
 Gives me courage to you address.
 A boon I'd ask, grant me, I pray.

MALONE. Your every wish I will obey,
 And when I do, I trust you then.

LENORA. Oh! I will love you all I can.
 (*Aside*) ('Twill not be much, the silly goose
 He does not tumble to my ruse.)

MALONE. Oh joy! Oh joy! All is serene.

LENORA. Oh joy! Oh joy! All is serene.

MALONE. The happiest day I've ever seen.

LENORA. The happiest day he's ever seen.

LENORA AND MALONE.

The charms of love will oft obtain
 When potent language pleads in vain.

LENORA. Mr. MALONE!

MALONE. My darling LENORA, don't call me Mr. MALONE, it
 sounds so harsh from those sweet lips of yours; call me your dear
 Billy.

LENORA. My dear Billy (*aside—goat*), the great favor that I would ask of you, is for the sake of humanity. I beg of you to use your influence with the Government, to have them send out an expedition in search of the lost *Arctic*.

MALONE. My dear LENORA, I will present your supplication to our honorable SENATORS this very night.

Enter servant with card, hands it to MALONE.

MALONE. Show them in.

Enter Senators, Politicians and their Ladies in couples. The Ladies dressed in the extreme height of fashion—absurdly so. The Gentlemen made up to resemble different Senators and Government officials. Foreign Ministers dressed very grotesquely characteristic of their respective nations. DUTCHMAN very corpulent, with a very short jacket. FRENCHMAN very tall, in tights, very large mustache, etc. MALONE introduces them to LENORA as they enter, a little time intervening between the entrance of each couple, introduced as follows: "Honorable Senator MALONE and Lady, of Virginia, Miss LENORA LIVINGSTON of New York;" bow and courtesy with extreme and absurd politeness two or three times. Couples separate and shake hands and seemingly enter into conversation with each other until all are on the stage. MALONE goes to the table. Senators, etc., gather round at respectable distance.

MALONE. Honorables and Honorableesses. (*Ladies bow.*) I have a very important subject to call your immediate attention to—a subject introduced by our (*pointing to LENORA*) worthy, charming, estimable, sweet young humanitarian from New York. (*Gentlemen bow very politely.*) It is a humane object that ought to interest you all. The ship *Arctic* that sailed to the North Seas, two years ago, manned by the heroic flowers of the country.

FRENCH MINISTER. How man-e bar-els of ze flower had ze ship on ze board?

DUTCHMAN. (*laughing*). Nine Frenchy, nine, no is dot flour mit de bairtel, is de load of bo'kays.

MALONE. Order, gentlemen, order. Those heroes may all be dead there now, and in need of succor.

A SENATOR. Send them ex-senator Conklin, he's the biggest sucker I know of.

MALONE. Order, gentlemen, order. Yes, gentlemen, fathers, brothers, may be dead there now. (*Gentlemen commence to cry.*) Sweethearts may be dead there (*ladies cry*), and it is our duty to send out an expedition to their relief. What say you? Shall we have an appropriation for that purpose.

SENATORS (*and all*). Yes, yes.

A SENATOR. No, no.

A SENATOR. That fellow needs re-adjusting (*they run him out by the seat of his pants and back of his neck*).

A SENATOR. I propose that we all volunteer to go on the expedition; it will be a nice little summer excursion at no expense—that is, to us; it will be at the people's expense.

SENATORS (*all*). We will go.

ALL. Oh! that will be scrumptious, scrumptious,

Oh! that will be scrumptious to go at the people's expense.

“AT THE PEOPLE'S EXPENSE.”

HON. MALONE.

We drive our fast horses and live at our ease,
And buy silks and satins our ladies to please;
Folks wonder and stare at the extravagance,
But it's all done, you know, at the people's expense.

CHORUS:—Folks wonder and stare, &c., &c.

If you've Government claims you would expedite,
Keep cool and go easy, and never show fight,
But give us a divy, a slight recompense,
'Tis the way the thing's done at the people's expense.

CHORUS:—But give us a divy, &c., &c.

If a valuable charter you wish to get through,
Come see us quite often with a thousand or two;
Or a deed of a house, you'll give no offence,
Then you'll get what you want at the people's expense.

CHORUS:—Or a deed of a house, &c.

If you want to make money, why get in the ring;
And on the Star Route letters carry and bring;
Charge a dollar a piece, besides the three cents,
'Tis the way the thing's done at the people's expense.

CHORUS:—Charge a dollar a piece, &c.

SCENE II.—Pennsylvania Ave., Washington. D.C. *Enter* MALONE, L.E., and SKINNER, R.E.

SKINNER. How de do, Honorable Mr. Malone? (*shake hands*).

MALONE. How de do, Mr. Skinner?

SKINNER. Well, sir, well in health and finances. I made \$100,000, clean, last month on the Star Route.

HON. MALONE. Ah! I've nearly doubled that sum in a month. I've made \$175,000 out of an appropriation of

\$200,000, which I received from the Government to send out the Arctic Relief Expedition. I expended only \$25,000 in buying and fitting up an old condemned ship, and I turned it over to the Government for the whole \$200,000. How is that for high?

SKINNER. But you will drown the whole party.

MALONE. Can't help that; they accepted the ship as seaworthy. It's all right anyhow. They are principally Republicans who are going on the Expedition; might as well drown them all at one time, as to drown them by degrees. Saltpetre won't save the party now.

SKINNER. But what will become of you?

MALONE. Oh, I'm not going. You don't catch me going to sea in any of the ships that I buy.

SKINNER. By the way, Mr. Malone, I met the Senators coming down the Avenue, going down to the Navy yard, fully armed and equipped for the North Pole Excursion; and they are all carrying tea kettles.

MALONE. Tea kettles! why, what for?

SKINNER. For two purposes. They all drink different kinds of tea; and they say they are going to use them to thaw out a passage for the ship "Arctic" if found frozen in the ice. Oh, our Senators are wise men; they are—there they come now.

Enter Senators all carrying tea kettles, old muskets, very small sleds, some with enormous life-preservers on. &c., and each with a package, with the following names of Tea marked on them. Chairman of the Senate acts as leader, he carries three packages: Amoy, Hoochou, Teenkai. 1st Man, Oolong; 2nd, Sou-chong; 3rd, Twankay; 4th, Japan; 5th, English Breakfast; 6th, Foochou; 7th, Moyune; 8th, Congou; 9th, Young Hyson; 10th, Orange Pekoe. Each one holds out his paper of tea when the names are sung.

"TEA, FRAGRANT TEA."

ENSEMBLE. We'll live sumptuous, sumptuous, sumptuous as can be. We'll all have a good strong cup of different kinds of tea.

(1st) Oolong, (2d), Souchong, (3d) Twankay give me,

(4th) There's nothing in this world so good

(holding up package of Japan)

(5th) As English Breakfast tea.

ENSEMBLE.

Tea, Tea, Tea, Tea, there's nothing that's so cheering as
A good strong cup of Tea.

FIRST MAN.

Take one strong cup of good Oolong, you'll wish to have another,

'Twill make you feel as if you could go lick your dad and brother.

SECOND MAN.

If at the club you've drank Champagne and feel the spirits rising,
Take one strong cup of good Souchong, 'twill settle all the poison.

ENSEMBLE.

It is sumptuous, sumptuous, sumptuous as can be,
We'll all have a good strong cup of different kinds of tea.
(6th) Foochou, (7th) Moyune, (8th) Congou give me,
(9th) There's nothing in this world so good (*Young Hyson*)
(10th) As Orange Pekoe Tea.

ENSEMBLE.

Tea, Tea, Tea, Tea, there's nothing that's so cheering as
A good strong cup of tea.

THIRD MAN.

If you'd catch a pretty girl, and find your courage sinking,
Take one strong cup of good Twankay, then go on with your
winking.

FOURTH MAN.

If you want to pop the question, and not get in a flutter,
Take one strong cup of good Japan, then do it without a stutter.

ENSEMBLE.

It is sumptuous, sumptuous, sumptuous as can be,
We'll all have a good strong cup of different kinds of tea.

LEADER.

Amoy, Hoochou, Teenkai give me,
There's nothing in this world so good
As fragrant mixed up tea.

ENSEMBLE.

Tea, Tea, Tea, Tea, there's nothing that's so charming as
A good strong cup of tea.

LEADER.

There's little Platt he's now left flat,
With Conkling he got spunky,
And like dog Tray was led away,
The foolish little monkey.
Poor Conkling found his organ broke
When they got to Albanee;
They went to bed with an aching head,
And a bowl of Catnip Tea.

ENSEMBLE.

Tea, Tea, Tea, Tea, there's nothing that's so cheering as
A good strong cup of tea. *(Exeunt all.)*

SCENE III.—Ship ARCTIC, frozen in Arctic seas, surrounded by Icebergs, beautiful Aurora Borealis, which disappears when the Ice breaks up and the Icebergs sink. CLAUDE, JOSIAH and MEHITABLE come from the ship.

CLAUDE. Doctor, I had a beautiful dream last night.

DR. JOSIAH. You mean you had a pleasant dream while asleep; our last night has been six months long.

MEHITABLE. Oh! if we could only have such long nights in Connecticut; how delightful it would be to have a fellow come a courting and sit up with you half the night! But I wouldn't like to have it so pesky snappish. *(Rubs her fingers and breathes on them.)*

“A DREAM OF HOME WHEN FAR AWAY.”

CLAUDE.

I dreamt that I was going up the old familiar lane,
My childhood's happy, happy home, the dear old farm again;
Sweet memories of my boyhood's days, so vivid to me came,
Dear mother, too, with outstretched arms, I heard her voice ex-
claim.

CLAUDE, DOCTOR and MEHITABLE.

He is coming, coming, coming, coming home once more.
Mother, father, sister, brother, were all standing in the door,
To welcome, welcome, welcome from the icebound shore,
Merry voices sweetly singing, Welcome, welcome home once more.

CLAUDE.

I dreamt that I was going up the old familiar lane,
Beneath the grand old maple trees, through which the sun in vain
Was trying to force its golden beams to kiss the morning dew,
The bob-'o-links were on the boughs a singing welcome too.

CHORUS. He is coming, etc.

MEHITABLE. O dear! I want to go home. *(Long sigh and wipes away a tear with apron which is folded round waist, then lets it hang down?)* Oh, doctor, do you think we will ever see home again?

DR. JOSIAH. I hope so.

MEHITABLE. Well 'twould serve me right if we never did. See what a scrape love has got me into. Just to think on it. I left as slick a home as ye ever did see, where I was the belle of the place *(Doctor looks at her seriously, then turns his head and*

laughs), and here I am a pesky cook on the ship "Arctic." Well I don't know how you would all have got along since Jimmy the cook was lost overboard, if it hadn't been for me. But I do love you so, doctor. (*Lays head on doctor's shoulder.*)

DR. JOSIAH. Yes, and such noble, true devotion shall be rewarded. I will make you my dear little wife when we return. I should surely have died during my long sickness if it had not been for your kind care and attention.

MEHITABLE. Oh, Doctor, I am baking a nice walrus pie for dinner.

DR. JOSIAH. Well, hurry it up, and we'll wallow us into it. (*MEHITABLE runs into the ship.*)

Enter ESQUIMAUX.

Away, away, away, away, make no delay, make no delay;
The dreary night has ceased to be,
You soon will see the open sea, the open sea, the open sea.
(*Repeat Chorus.*)

CLAUDE. Then we'll sail farther North.

DR. A hard road it is to travel;

CLAUDE. The North Pole we'll bring forth;

DR. The mysteries we'll unravel.

"AWAY O'ER THE POLAR SEA."

CLAUDE AND DOCTOR. Then away, away o'er the Polar Seas,
For secrets now unknown;
New treasures seek, for ages lost,
In that far and frigid zone.

ESQUIMAUX. Away, away, away, away, &c. (*twice.*)

Enter CLAUDE AND DOCTOR into Ship while Singing.

(*ON SHIP. All sing on Deck.*)

Then away, away o'er the Polar Seas,
For secrets now unknown;
New treasures seek, for ages lost,
In that far and frigid zone.

End of song. Loud, weird music; crashing of icebergs, sound of breaking ice which floats off. Vivid flashes of lightning, Thunder-noise of wind, after which the Ship sails northward. 'mid the hurrahs of all on board. MEHITABLE takes off her apron and waves it over her head to the ESQUIMAUX. Exit. Commences to snow. Enter Government party, shaking and shivering, climbing over the cakes of ice which have fallen on the stage.

LEADER OF PARTY. Oh, this is a terrible place to be shipwrecked in; and nothing to drink but water. It will kill me; I ain't used to it.

1ST OFFICER. I wish I had that rascally Secretary of the Navy here.

2ND OFFICER. Is there no hope of being rescued by the "Arctic"?

LEADER. None whatever. The Esquimaux say she wintered here, but has gone to parts unknown.

1ST OFFICER. And must we all die? (*all groan.*)

LEADER. I fear we must; and we should prepare ourselves for the awful event, confess our faults to each other, and relieve our minds.

2ND OFFICER. Proceed, brother, proceed.

HON. ——. My name is little ——,
A good little boy was I,
Until I got my finger in
Mrs. Credit Mobilier's pie.

CHORUS. Oh, Peter, Peter, Peter, send us a furnace heater.

1ST OFFICER. A whiskey straight.

2D OFFICER. Send me some gin.

ALL. Take pity on the plight we're in
With cold we shake and shiver,
Send us some coal and liver.

3D OFFICER. A little fat to fry it in.

4TH OFFICER. A piece of bread.

5TH OFFICER. Don't cut it thin, &c., &c.

HON. ——. Oh, this is terrible, terrible, to have to die in such a place as this.

(*A ship is seen. The "ARCTIC" under full sail in the distance.*)

1ST OFFICER. See there a ship, a ship! (*All, "Ship ahoy," and wave hats, sleds, coats, &c.; fire gun from ship; round to, and come up to side of ice bank.*)

HON. ——. Help, help, or we perish.

CLAUDE. Who are you, and what do you want?

HON. ——. The remains of a Government expedition sent out to rescue the lost ship "Arctic."

CLAUDE. That is our ship, the "Arctic," and we are homeward bound, taking the North Pole with us. (*All, "Hurrah! Hurrah!" Enter Esquimaux.*)

"HOMEWARD BOUND."

CLAUDE. The anchor's weighed, the wind is fair,
With cheers the word went round;
The sails were set with lightning speed,
For we are homeward bound.

The thoughts of home fill all with joy,
 The dearest place on earth;
 The vacant chair that's standing now
 Beside the dear old hearth.

CHORUS. Oh, we are homeward bound, homeward bound.
 The thoughts of home fill all with joy,
 The dearest place on earth;
 The vacant chair that's standing now
 Beside the dear old hearth.

CLAUDE. Away, away, with spirits gay,
 Our gallant ship will glide
 Like merry birds, with outstretched wings,
 Over the boundless tide.
 The thoughts of home, of loved ones dear,
 Fill all with joy profound,
 Through sparkling waves we'll dash the spray,
 For we are homeward bound.

CHORUS. Oh, we are homeward bound, homeward bound.
 The thoughts of home, of loved ones dear,
 Fill all with joy profound,
 Through sparkling waves we'll dash the spray
 For we are homeward bound.

[END OF SECOND ACT.]

ACT III.

SCENE.—Banker Livingston, mansion and grounds on the Hudson, river and Palisades in the distance. Grand festival in honor of the return of the "Arctic." Mottoes hung up on the house as follows: "Welcome, Arctic Heroes," &c. Guests discovered seated by rustic tables, with silver cups. Enter Banker with telegraph despatch in his hand.

LIVINGSTON, ESQ. I have just received a telegram stating that the heroes of the returned "Arctic" will honor us with their company at eight o'clock this evening.

GUESTS. Hurrah.

"HONOR TO OUR HEROES" (*Ensemble*).

Fill up the cups in honor of our heroes,
 The bravest of the brave are these who go
 And battle with strong arms the fearful tempest
 In northern seas 'midst glitt'ring ice and snow;
 We'll pledge their health in ruby wine—
 In sparkling ruby wine so fine,
 May lovers true their hearts entwine
 O'er a cup of ruby.

Fill up the cup in honor of our heroes,
 And raise your voices loud in merry song;
 Immortalize their names, ye minstrel poets,
 And let the sweetest strains of notes prolong;
 We'll pledge their health in ruby wine—
 In sparkling ruby wine so fine,
 May lovers true their hearts entwine
 O'er a cup of ruby.

Enter Mrs. Malone, limping.

MRS. MALONE. Och, murder, murder! me poor feet is nearly killed with hitting ferninst the stones all the way from New York here.

LENORA. My poor woman, who are you? and what can we do for you?

MRS. MALONE. I'll tell ye's—all of ye's.

I'm a decent Irish woman,

From the County of Cork I came;

My husband he ran away from me,

Sweet William is his name;

And I've children four in number

As handsome as can be,

There's a Kitty and Mat, and a Bridget and Pat,

All down at the Battery.

I've just landed this morning, this morning at the Battery,

Just landed this morning, this morning at the Battery.

CHORUS *all*.

She's just landed this morning, this morning at the Battery,
 Just landed this morning, this morning at the Battery.

(Dance.)

I'm a decent Irish woman,

And I love that man of mine,

And he always loved me dearly too,

Till on the White Star line

He came over to this country,

As poor as he could be;

Now he's silver and plate, he's forgot his lovely mate

And brats at the Battery.

I've just landed, &c.

CHORUS: She's just landed, &c.

Dance.

I'm a decent Irish woman,

And I never goes on a lark,

But if I find my runaway scamp

I'll make him toe the mark;

He's filling a good position,
 Boss of your great Navee.
 He's a very bad rake, but I'll make him water take
 Right down to the Battery.
 I've just landed, &c.

CHORUS: She's just landed, &c. (*Dance.*)

Exit CHORUS.

After dance, limps toward LENORA. Oh, me poor, poor feet.

LENORA. Can I assist you?

MRS. MALONE. Yes, me dear lady, but not me feet. If ye'd only be so kind as to tell me if ye's seen me husband in these 'er parts I don't know?

LENORA. What is your husband's name?

MRS. MALONE. Sure, wasn't I jes telling ye's. Sweet William before he left me (*wiping her eyes with her apron*), but he's been a bitter William to me ever since.

LENORA. What other name has he?

MRS. MALONE. Ah, yes, his other name, it's Malone—Mr. William Malone; and Mrs. O'Hara says, says she, that he's the boss of the great Navy in this country.

LENORA. A foreman in the Navy Yard.

MRS. MALONE. No, not that, me lady; he's a bigger man than that; he's the head boss; he's the writer of the Navy.

LENORA. You cannot mean the Secretary?

MRS. MALONE. That's it; that's it, the blackguard.

LENORA. You must be mistaken.

MRS. MALONE. No, I'm not mistaken, Mr. William Malone, Sick-e-tarry (*whoops and jumps*), where is he? Show him to me, till I break his head, the villain (*makes a blow with her old umbrella and nearly falls.*) And Mrs. McMullen said, I'd be more and quite likely to find him here to-day at the great shindig ye's after given to the Arctic chaps.

LENORA. We expect him, but he has not arrived yet. Calm yourself, my poor woman, and step into the house, and you can see him when he comes.

MRS. MALONE. Thank ye's, me lady, thank ye's. (*Exeunt both into house. Enter* MR. MALONE, *looks around.*)

MALONE. Beautiful grounds, grand old mansion; and I'll get them all into my possession after I marry Lenora. Ah, Mr. William Malone, ye're jest as smart as they make 'em.

Enter LENORA.

MALONE (*very politely*). Ah, my charming Lenora.

LENORA (*very haughtily*). Sir, Miss Livingston, if you please.

MALONE. Why so cool and distant? have you not given me the right to call you my darling Lenora? (*Mrs. Malone puts her head out of the window, and shakes her umbrella, Ah, ha, the black-guard.*)

LENORA (*sneeringly*). Never, Sir.

MALONE. Did you not say you loved me?

LENORA. Never. I said I would love you all I could. I thought I might love you as a kind and generous man, and respect you as a gentleman; but I cannot do either, after having heard of your cruel treatment of your poor wife and children.

MALONE (*starts with surprise*). My wife and children, you astonish me! (*Mrs. Malone puts her head out of window again, and shakes umbrella, Ah, the thieving murderer, let me get at him!*)

LENORA. Your wife perhaps will astonish you much more (*goes to door and comes out with Mrs. Malone*). Your wife, Mr. Malone.

MALONE (*starts up*). The devil!

MRS. MALONE. The devil am I! bad luck to ye's (*hits him over the head with umbrella*). If I'm the devil, all of your little imps are down at the Battery; get out of this, ye murdering desarter (*thrashes him off of stage with umbrella. Exeunt both. Gentlemen who have just entered and Lenora laugh at them. Exit Lenora into house*).

MR. VANDERWILT. Our Navy seems to have got into rough waters.

MR. GOLD. Yes; and it looks as if Ireland was trying to sink it. By the way, Mr. Vanderwilt, I have been thinking that we might get up a big speculation in the North Pole.

VANDERWILT. The North Pole.

GOLD. Yes, the Exploring Expedition on the ship "Arctic" found the Pole, and have brought it with them to New York. Now I propose we organize a Stock Company, buy the Pole for a few thousand, issue five hundred thousand shares of stock at one thousand dollars each—that will make five hundred millions of dollars. What say you, Mr. Keeno?

MR. KEENO. Capital! But what is the Pole good for?

MR. GOLD. Nothing; but that makes no difference. We can make the people believe the Pole is good to cool off the hot weather in the summer-time. And they buy all kinds of stock now-a-days: we can get rid of it all, and water it besides. You know how it's done.

LIVINGSTON, ESQ. So do I.

"YOU KNOW HOW IT'S DONE, SO DO I."

MR. GOLD. Speculation is a great theme,
Commenced at creation.
Eve got stuck in forbidden fruit—
Bitterer than tarnation.
She palmed it off on Adam then:
To get square she did try;
But you know how it's done, ha! ha! so do I.

CHORUS. Trio.

It was all a speculation—speculation.
Eve, like her sex, was up to tricks,
And got poor Adam in a fix.
But you know how 'twas done, ha! ha! so do I.

MR. VANDERWILT. Men speculate in bogus mines,
And buy all kinds of stocks;
And if they keep on buying them,
They'll soon be without socks.
The rich grow richer every day—
You cannot that deny;
But you know how 'tis done, ha, ha, so do I.

CHORUS.

It is all a speculation—speculation.
They will talk as sweet as honey
Till they get hold of your money.
But you know how 'tis done, ha, ha, so do I.

MR. KEENO. At sweet sixteen girls speculate
How to catch a lover;
And some invest in fashions grand,
Others ask their mother
How she caught dad when he was young,
So handsome and so shy!
But you know how 'twas done, ha, ha, so do I.

CHORUS.

It was all a speculation—speculation,
He'd call to pass the lonely hours
In the garden 'mong the flowers;
But you know how 'twas done, ha, ha, so do I.

LIVINGSTON, ESQ. If you would kiss a pretty girl
With lips that's cherry ripe,
You press her gently to your side,
Your mustache part and wipe,

Then take her darling hand in yours,
 Be careful of her tie—
 But you know how 'tis done, ha! ha! so do I.

CHORUS.

It is all a speculation, speculation;
 You toy and dally with her lace,
 Then on your shoulder lay her face,
 But you know how 'tis done, ha! ha! so do I.

(*Noise outside as trampling of feet.*)

MR. GOLD. Here they come now with the Pole. (*Music. Enter Arctic officers and sailors carrying the Pole. Ladies and Gentlemen come to meet them. Lenora and Mehitable from the house. Claude kisses Lenora, Dr. Josiah kisses Mehitable.*)

"THE NORTH POLE."

CLAUDE. We went in search of the North Pole,
 Dug it up and left a hole, ah! (*ad lib.*)
 The route that we'd chosen,
 The sea it was frozen;
 Cold, oh! cold, oh!
 Cold, oh! the wind did blow.
 Polar bear would round us prowl
 With a fearful savage growl, oh! (*ad lib. in imitation of bear growl.*)

This Pole had long been sought,
 Thousands spent; came to naught;
 Cold, oh! cold, oh!
 So cold, oh! they couldn't go—
 The sun one day came by chance,
 North Pole then began to dance, oh! (*ad lib.*)
 (*Pole dances*)

Shone so hot made him cry,
 Blow'd so cold made him sigh.
 Cold, oh! cold, oh!
 Cold, oh! the winds did blow;
 So hot one day thought he'd bust,
 Then he danced (off) with disgust, oh (*ad lib.*).

(*Exeunt all but Claude and Lenora.*)

CLAUDE. Lenora, my darling, had you given me up for lost?

LENORA. No, my dear Claude, something seemed to tell me that you would return to me again—that my prayers would not be in vain. Love's devotion would not, could not, give thee up.

CLAUDE. And do you love me as much as ever?

LENORA. Oh, Claude, how can you ask such a question; can you doubt me?

CLAUDE. No, no; merely an idle thought. Will your father consent to our marriage?

LENORA. Yes; he promised me if you lived to come back we might, if you had not changed your mind—have you?

“TWO WILL MAKE ONE.”

CLAUDE. Lenora, my darling, your hand place in mine,
And there let it ever abide;
We'll journey together through joys or through woes,
Through the pathway of life, side by side.

CLAUDE and LENORA.

We'll dissolve a sweet problem,
Though vain the endeavor;
Perhaps you can guess how 'tis done,
Two ones will make two, but we'll prove to you
We know how two will make one.

LENORA. We'll journey together through pleasures and strife
We'll trust in this infinite love
To guide and direct us where sorrow's unknown,
To a home that's all sunshine above.

CLAUDE and LENORA.

We will journey together, and the problem decide,
By true loving hearts it's begun;
Two ones will make two, but we'll prove to you
We know how two will make one.

(Enter DR. JOSIAH and MEHITABLE, CLAUDE and LENORA.)

Quartette Repeat. “We will journey together,” &c.

(Enter all.)

MR. and MRS. MALONE with the four children from the *Battery*,

Ah, Bridget, me darling, your hand place in mine,
I've treated you badly, I own;
But in future you'll see how contented we'll be,
Happy Mister and Misses Malone.

Ensemble. We will journey together and the problem decide,
 By true loving hearts it's begun;
 Two ones will make two, but we'll prove to you
 We know how two will make one.

(Dutchman and wife.)

DUTCHMAN. Nine, nine, dot bees all foolishness, you no can
 makes business like dot, two dollars makes one.

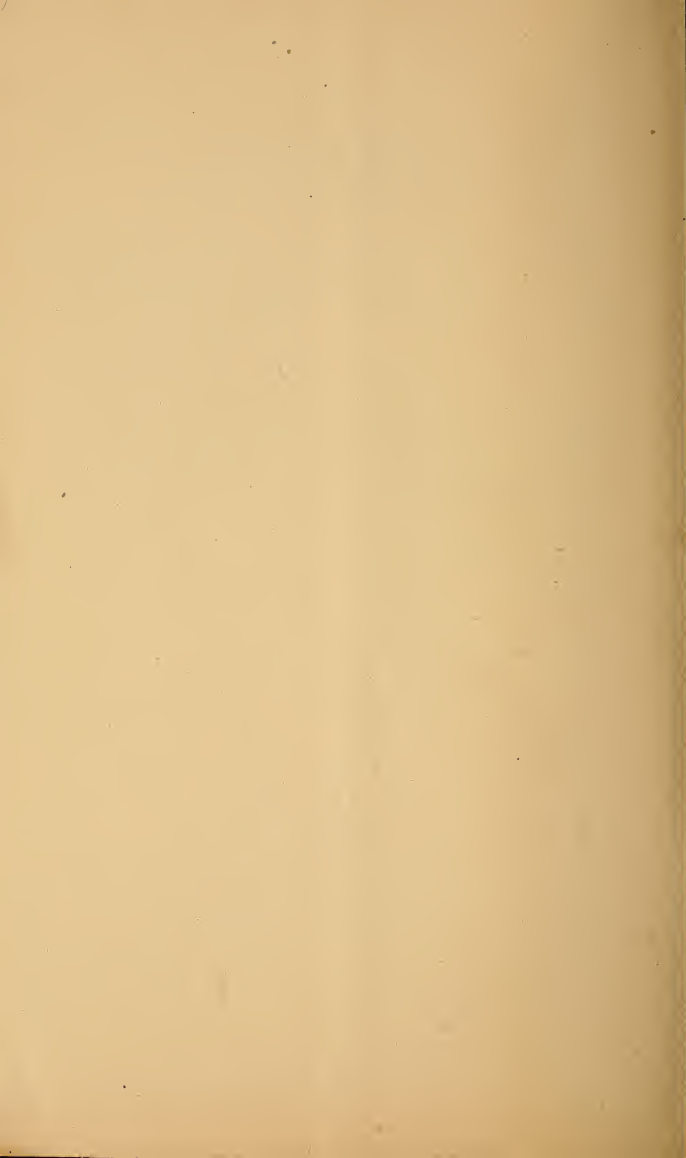
MALONE. Oh, no Dutchie, you don't understand; you two
 live in one house together.

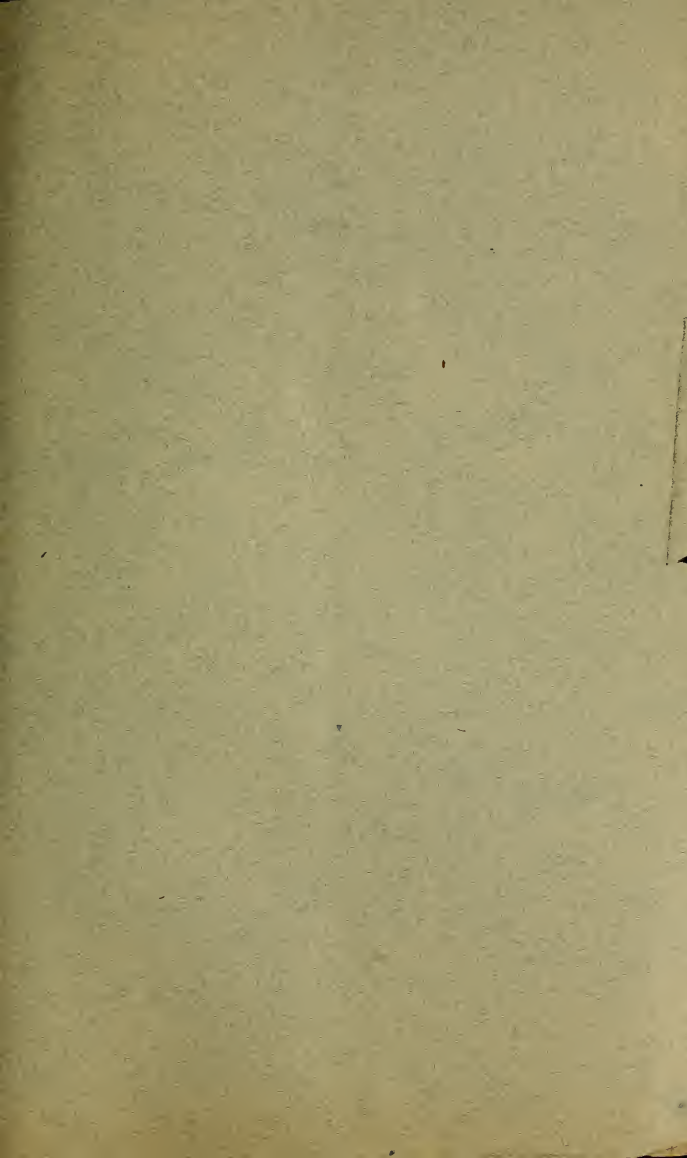
DUTCHMAN. Yaw, yaw, dot bees so,
 Un we goes out togedder un someding decide,
 How dot foolishness was begun,
 Two ones will makes a couple of times, yaw dat bees true,
 Un two will live in two houses togedder.

Ensemble. We will journey together and the problem, &c.

THE END.







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